

SUMMER IN CORNWALL

Written by

Jasmine Harrison

©Jasmine Harrison 2016

JH160645@falmouth.ac.uk  
theamateurfilmproject@gmail.com  
07530589116

Dial tone.

CASS punches in a number into her phone.

Ring, ring. Ring, ring. Ring, ring. Ring, ring. Ring--

PHONE (O.S.)  
Hello this is Joel--

CASS  
Oh hi!

PHONE (O.S.)  
--sorry but I'm not available at  
the moment. If you'd like to leave  
a message...

Cass tuts before sighing heavily, she lowers her phone.

PHONE (CONT'D)  
...I will get back to you as soon  
as--

The message cuts.

JOEL (O.S.)  
Hello?

Cass gasps, thrusting the phone to her ear.

CASS  
Uhm, yes, hi!

JOEL (O.S.)  
Can I help you?

CASS  
It's Cass.

JOEL (O.S.)  
Oh... hi.

Pause.

JOEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Little busy right now so...

CASS  
Oh it-it won't take long. I heard  
you were looking for a caterer and  
I thought--

JOEL (O.S.)  
I really don't think it's  
appropriate.

CASS

Oh no no, I don't mean me. I don't do that anymore. My neighbour's son is starting out a small foodie business and I'm trying to find him a bit of work here and there.

JOEL (O.S.)

I thought you loved food.

CASS

I know. My fat arse tells me that regularly.

Joel chuckles.

JOEL

What happened to the caf?

CASS

This will sound like some old mafia film... but another cafe opened up a couple of doors down.

JOEL

Run by Italian Americans?

CASS

No. Genuine Italians.

Joels does a mock gasp.

CASS (CONT'D)

And they make damn good coffee.

JOEL

Do they top your cupcakes though?

CASS

Bitch, please. My cupcakes bring all the boys to the yard.

JOEL

Yet their coffee is better than yours.

CASS

Damn right it's better than mine!

JOEL

They could teach you but they'd have to charge!

CASS

--they'd have to charge!

They burst with laughter, it fading with an awkward pause.

CASS (CONT'D)  
So where's the ceremony?

Pause.

JOEL  
Uhm. Cornwall. We're staying in St Agnes.

CASS  
Isn't that the beach where...

JOEL  
It's the one where you lost your bikini top - the pink one.

CASS  
I didn't lose it! That dog took it from me!

JOEL  
That's right. And you ran after it with your baps flailing in the air.

Joel chuckles.

CASS  
I can't run AND conserve my modesty.

JOEL  
Modesty? You were only worried about being seeing your tanlines!

CASS  
Didn't see you complaining.

JOEL  
Only the locals.

CASS  
Oh god! Remember the ones down at the park in Truro?

JOEL  
When we were both pissed out of our heads?

Cass giggles.

CASS  
That's right. We--

JOEL  
Danced on the car and--

CASS  
The radio was blaring.

JOEL  
With those old biddies glaring at  
us.

CASS  
Shaking her stick at us and--

JOEL  
And we thought she was egging us on  
to take another swig!

They burst with laughter.

CASS  
Oh god... It's been a while since I  
had fun like that.

JOEL  
Yeah. It was nice staying overnight  
too.

CASS  
...overnight?

Pause.

JOEL  
Yeah. We had a mattress in the back  
of the car. We lit a fire. Roasted  
marshmallows. It was really sweet  
and romant--

CASS  
A mattress would have never fitted  
into my tiny Corsa.

JOEL  
Corsa? It wasn't a Corsa, it was--

CASS  
Are you thinking of Trish?

Pause.

JOEL  
I thought--

CASS  
We never stayed the night there. We  
got a taxi back to your place.

JOEL  
Oh.

Pause.

JOEL (CONT'D)  
Trish always did love trips to  
Cornwall.

CASS  
A perfect resting place then.

Pause.

JOEL  
...yeah.

CASS  
I best be off then.

JOEL  
...yeah...uhm, me too.

CASS  
Is it alright to pass your number  
to the boy next door?

JOEL  
Yeah, yeah... please do.

CASS  
Right, thanks. Take care of  
yourself, Joel. Sleep, eat, rest  
and all that.

JOEL  
Yeah... you too.

CASS  
Alright then. Bye.

JOEL  
Goodbye.

Dial tone.